

## Speedy Bandits Hold Up Cafes, Shoot Cashier

Touring Gunmen Gather \$800 From Three of Four Places Visited; Escape Easily in Taxi

Customers Held at Bay

One Robbery So Cleverly Done That Nearby Manager Was Unaware of Theft

Four cleverly planned and neatly executed cafe "stick-ups" were accomplished during the early hours of Sunday morning by four bandits traveling in a speedy black and yellow taxi. One estimate cashed was shot, and the total cash collected by the touring gunmen was about \$800.

The teamwork was admirable to the eye. The cab, driven by an elderly chauffeur, drew up to the curb alongside the restaurant marked for spoiling. Three men got out, all well dressed, and one noticeable for his unusual height. These entered the restaurant, the tall man advancing without noise or ostentation to the cashier's stand near the door, and the other two taking up casual positions which gave them command of the late eater, on the floor. The tall man in honeyed accents demanded the contents of the cash drawer. In each case save one he received it, and the trio quietly withdrew. The cab sped away and the tumult and shouting which immediately arose was just so much wasted energy.

Leave Loot After Shooting

David Epstein, sixty years old, a cashier in the Apthorp, at 1940 Broadway, was the only man who opposed the command to deliver. Epstein got a bullet in his side and the bandits made a quick and complete escape without the loot. Epstein was treated at Roosevelt Hospital and went home to 518 West 143d Street.

The place first honored by a visit from the taxi banditti was the trunk's at 728 Sixth Avenue. They took \$125 from the cash register and \$25 from the pockets of Alex Schier, the night manager, and went on their way, leaving Schier yelling for the police. The Apthorp, where Epstein blocked their progress, was the next on the list. Then they went to Sam Blatt's place, at 20 Lenox Avenue. They turned up Blatt's half an hour after the Apthorp fracas, and while his two aids kept the twenty-odd patrons in their places the tall, soft spoken leader quietly removed \$200 from the cash register.

Showed Real Artistry

There is a considerable lapse of time between the hold-up at Blatt's and the appearance of the raiding party at the Famous Cafeteria at 2240 Broadway. The performance here had the impress of real artistry upon it. The Famous is one of those places where no man may eat without holding a check extracted from the rubber change mat on the cigar case to the right or left of the entrance. When the three approached the waiter on the sidewalk, looking the place over as though debating its attractions as a cozy eating place where three late revellers might refresh their appetites. The tall man entered at last, leaving his supporters discussing matters of food in the doorway. He strolled right past the cashier, Edward Hand. This, of course, is against the rule. Hand called after his tall customer: "Check."

The tall stranger turned and walked over to the counter as if to comply with Hand's suggestion. But the fingers which he reached toward the cashier holding a shining blue revolver which caused an uncomfortable pressure against Hand's waist line. The bandit's left hand covered the gun from view but Hand knew instinctively by the feel that it was there.

Takes \$300 From Drawer

"No noise, old-timer. Just a little speedy service at the cash register," remarked the tall stranger casually, and then reaching round the corner of the machine he sprung the latch and snatched himself \$300 in bills. The gun was now in plain view as the thief worked rapidly at the register with his left hand, and the cashier held his peace.

So smooth was this last job that Max Meister, the proprietor, standing behind a counter ten feet from the spot where the tall stranger was collecting his evening's earnings, had no inkling of what was going on until the robbers had departed in their taxi-cab. Hand yelled for help and gave chase. The chase was fruitless.

## Motorists Must Have Warning Cards To-day

Police Await Rush of Those Who Neglected to Comply With New Ordinance

If you do not possess a little card with your picture on it, duly issued according to law by the Police Department, it will be advisable to-day to leave Lizzie in her backyard boudoir. Saturday marked the expiration of the extended time limit within which motorists might apply for the new traffic warning cards. To-day the eagle eye of every traffic cop will be directed toward the man who forgot to get one.

The inevitable eleventh hour rush of those who have neglected to obtain cards is expected by the Police Department, and has been prepared for. Residents of New York may get cards at the nearest police station, having first provided themselves with two copies of an unretouched photograph setting forth the everyday appearance of their facial characteristics in all their ghastly exactitude.

The elimination by the kindly photographer of the squint in the left eye and the wart on the nose is strictly forbidden, and this instance is mighty, and will undoubtedly prevail. The police have been carefully instructed as to what the new rule requires of them; any automobile operator who goes abroad to-day without his card does so at the risk of having to explain to the judge.

## Patrolman Fights 100 Negroes to Arrest One

Dan Carroll, a patrolman of the West 135th Street police station, arrested Thomas Johnson, twenty-nine years old, of 529 Lenox Avenue, on Saturday night and took him to the police station. Carroll had to fight a hundred negro friends of Johnson to make the arrest, but he made it.

Johnson was amusing himself rolling beer bottles along the sidewalk and crashing them into the gutter when Carroll interrupted his pastime. Johnson yelled for help and fifty negroes erupted from a nearby cabaret and rushed into action. Another fifty appeared out of nearby tenement houses and stores.

Carroll fought the crowd. He kicked and punched and swung his nightstick and he clung to his prisoner. They swarmed him, and took his stick and his gun away. Carroll, on the ground, pulled Johnson down with him and arranged matters so that the body of his prisoner took a percentage of the punches and kicks aimed in the policeman's direction. Patrolman James Carter came on the run, thinking war had broken out in Harlem. Carter got in a couple of lusty licks on behalf of the police force before the surging battle rolled over him, too.

Some intelligent supporter of the cause of law and order sent in a riot call to the West 135th Street police station and the reserves came in a hurry in a police diver. The gang scattered by way of adjacent hallways and roofs. In thirty seconds there was nobody there but Carroll, Carter and Johnson, around whose prostrate form Carroll's stout right arm was still entwined.

Dr. MacNab, of the Harlem Hospital, patched up Carroll, and he reported sick and went home. Carter was patched up, too, but remained to finish his tour of duty. Johnson, charged with felonious assault, was shown to a cell.

Morrow Entertains Japanese

PANAMA, Aug. 6. — Governor Morrow entertained at dinner this evening Vice-Admiral Taniguchi and the officers of the Japanese naval training squadron which is visiting Panama. Official calls between the commander of the squadron and Governor Morrow were exchanged this morning. The Japanese vessels will remain until Friday.

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## Husband Held After Wife Is Slain in Room

Cafe Keeper Near Times Square Investigates Upon Hearing Quarrel and Discovers Body

Sent Away at First

Detectives Locate Man With Blood - Stained Clothes Asleep at Hotel

Detectives from the West Forty-seventh Street station searched the Times Square district for hours early yesterday morning looking for Leo Durnherr, whose wife had been found in a room on the fourth floor of 110 West Forty-fifth Street, with her skull crushed in. Durnherr finally was located in a room at the Scarborough Hotel, 205 West Forty-sixth Street. He was fast asleep.

Durnherr was charged on a short affidavit alleging suspicion of homicide before Magistrate Sweetser yesterday, and held without bail for examination on Tuesday.

The suspicions of Charles L'Homme, proprietor of a cafe on the ground floor of the house where the Durnherrs lived, led to the discovery of the

woman's body. L'Homme heard sounds of an altercation in the Durnherr apartment on Saturday evening and sent Reuben Scardigli, a waiter, to find out what was wrong.

Saw Woman on Floor

Durnherr sent Scardigli away, but not before he had seen Mrs. Durnherr lying on the floor. The noise continued, and Mrs. L'Homme went upstairs to protest. She also was not permitted to enter the room, and she saw Mrs. Durnherr on the floor, bleeding and apparently unconscious.

L'Homme took the matter in hand. Durnherr told him that "it's all over now," and taking this to mean that the couple had settled their quarrel, he went away. Later, after thinking it over and comparing notes with his wife and Scardigli, L'Homme decided to make a further investigation. He went back to Durnherr's rooms at about midnight.

He was ajar. Mrs. Durnherr's body lay on the floor, pool of blood. Her husband was absent.

Husband Found Sleeping

L'Homme notified a patrolman, and Detectives William J. Moore and Charles Dennison began the hunt for the missing husband. Inquiries at the nearby hotels finally located Durnherr at the Scarborough. The night clerk said that he had arrived shortly before midnight, and added that he had noticed bloodstains on his clothes. Excited, the detectives went to the room with their revolvers drawn. But Durnherr was asleep in bed, with bloodstained coat and shirt hanging over the back of a chair, and bloodstained boots by the side of the bed.

Durnherr is thirty-six years old, his wife a year younger. Mrs. L'Homme told the police that Mrs. Durnherr had planned to go to Auburn on Saturday morning to attend her grandmother's funeral. The quarrel started, the L'Hommess said, at about 8 o'clock.

## Ward Mystery Factor in Revolt Against Boss of Westchester

Insurgent Republican leaders in Westchester County announced their intention yesterday of opposing the ticket put up at the primary election by William L. Ward, Republican boss of the county, all along the line. They are going to fight the Ward machine, they said, on three issues—the manner in which the case of Walter S. Ward, indicted for the killing of Clarence Peters, was handled; the William L. Ward plan to make Westchester County into a city and an unbridled judiciary.

The families of William L. Ward and Walter S. Ward are not related, but the independent Republicans think that the organization District Attorney, Frederick E. Weeks, who is a candidate for re-nomination, batched the case.

Their candidate for the office is J. Henry Esser, of Mount Vernon, where he formerly was Corporation Counsel. According to leaders of the opposition, Mr. Weeks, who is Mayor of White Plains, is thinking of withdrawing from the District Attorney contest.

Candidates for the County Court bench and that of the Children's Court are being sought by the independents. The machine Republicans have been criticized by Supreme Court Justice Arthur S. Tompkins for naming a woman who is neither a mother nor admitted to the bar, for the Children's



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## Kidnaped Wife Rescued and 3 Suspects in Jail

Her Return and Arrest of Two at Utica Believed Due to Man Taken Here by the Police Last Week

Husband Seeks Vengeance

Says if Blackmailers Who Took \$59,000 Escape Law He Will Kill Them

Mrs. Maria Ivarone, said to have been stolen by blackmailers June 23 with her three-year-old son, Tony, and \$59,000 belonging to her husband, Salvatore, is back in New York, the police announced last night, and three men are under arrest in connection with the alleged abduction plot.

One of the three, Vincenzo Damiani, of 148 Tenth Avenue, was arrested last week and it is believed that the arrest of the other two and the return of Mrs. Ivarone are due to information obtained from him. The other prisoners are John Contadin and Tony Mancini.

They were arrested in Utica, N. Y., and detectives of the Italian squad have been sent to bring them to this city. Damiani told the police, it is said, that only about \$2,000 of the stolen money and securities had been spent and that it would be possible to recover the rest.

Torture Story Denied

Although Ivarone, whose home is at 54 Oak Street, was led to believe by letters he received that his wife was being tortured, Damiani is said by the police to have assured them that the woman was safe and well. Ivarone recovered his son by payment of \$200, and is anxious now only to see the men in jail convicted. If they escape prison he says he will kill them.

"I don't care anything about the money my wife was forced to withdraw from the bank when they kidnaped her and my son, Tony," said he. "They later left my boy in the Grand Central Station, and I went and got him after they had led me to a lonely place in New Jersey, where I paid them \$200 more money. John Contadin was going to kill me in the lonely place, but Mancini saved my life. He said: 'No, let him live. The woman did everything we told her to.'"

"The money they took was all my fortune. I cared not for that. I knew them all. We came from Italy one year after we were married in Naples,

seventeen years ago. We had the three children, Tony, John, seven years old, and Teresa, five. I had a butcher shop and saved about \$5,000 a year for ten years. I bought the property where we lived and then sold the butcher shop. The men used to come to my shop and beg food. They said they were poor.

Wife Terrorized, He Says

"When I sold out, they got backing to blackmail me and appeared in a big car, in which they took me to Jersey to pay them more money. Before I got my boy back and they said they were rich. My wife for weeks told me she was going to the doctors office in a taxicab, but she was going to meet these men who threatened to kill the baby and me. She was afraid to tell me. She always had to take the baby with her. That was the order of the gang and each time they would tell her what to do or they would kill the baby. On the day she disappeared they told her she would have to leave town with them. They threatened to strangle the baby and shoot me unless she drew everything out of the bank and left town with them.

"She wrote me one letter telling me her heart was broken and another in which she said she cried all the time and was losing her reason. If these men escape the law I will kill them. That is the way I feel now."

Ivarone is confident that others of the blackmailing gang are still at large and is taking every precaution to protect himself and his family from their vengeance. His home on Oak Street is deserted. He is staying at the home of a friend and has a bodyguard of four powerful men who never leave him.

Major Blake Again Compelled By Engine Trouble to Land

AGRA, British India, Aug. 6 (By The Associated Press).—Major W. T. Blake, the British aviator who is attempting a round-the-world flight, was compelled to land here to-day on his way to Allahabad, owing to rain and engine trouble. Due to repeated interruptions caused by motor mishaps he is trying to obtain a new machine for his flight to Calcutta.

Decision of Soviet Court On Revolutionists Reserved


MOSCOW, Aug. 6.—The defendants in the social revolutionist trial heaved a sigh of relief yesterday and many actually smiled when the last of them finished pleas on their own behalf and the court announced it would take the case under consideration.

Court officials said that they thought it likely the final judgment of the five presiding judges would be announced Monday. Among the spectators of the proceedings was Frank P. Walsh, of Kansas City.

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MANY business men talk of the day when they will retire. Yet very few actually do it. They find they can't let go absolutely right now—next year maybe, but not now. They want the business they have worked so hard to build, to go on. They are afraid "the boys" are not quite ready to take the reins. And often they are right. The head of a business can lay down policies and judgments for forty years, and the forty-first year someone in his company asks him what to do about some matter that was thought to be as settled as the alphabet. This sort of thing happens

in the business that the public does not know. The business that is advertised not only gains a public good-will, but its standards and methods become known to all men. The very pressure of public opinion helps to hold the advertised business upon its established track. Count the business men you know who have actually or partially retired. You will find that a large number of them were connected with firms that advertised their policies and their wares. The chief may be playing golf or touring Europe, but his business and his advertising are going on.

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